

The History of

That were his Lackies, I cried hum, and well, go to,
But markt him not a word; O, hee is as tedious
As a tyred Horse, a rayling Wife,
Worse then a smokie House. I had rather live
With Cheefe and Garlike in a Wind-mill farre,
Then feed on cates, and have him talke to mee,
In any Summer-house in Christendome.

Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In strange concealements, valiant as a Lyon,
And wondrous affable, and as bountifull
As Mines of *India*: shall I tell you, Cousin,
Hee holds your temper in a high respect.
And curbs himselfe, even of his naturall scope,
When you come crosse his humor, faith hee does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproofe:
But doe not use it off, let me intreat you.

Mor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame.
And since your comming hither, have done enough
To put him quite besides his patience.
You must needs learne, Lord, to amend this fault.
Though sometimes it shew greatnesse, courage, blood,
And thats the dearest grace it renders you:
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of Government,
Pride, hautesse, opinion, and disdain;e;
The least of which haunting a Nobleman,
Loseth mens hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Vpon the beautie of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am schoold. Good-manners by your speed,
Heere come our wives, and let us take our leaves.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My Wife can speake no *English*, I no *Welsh*,

Glen. My daughter weepes, shee le not part with you,

Shee le

Henry the Fourth.

Shee le be a soldier too, shee le to the warres
Mor. Good father, tell her that she, and my Aunt *Percy*,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

*Glendower speakes to her in Welsh, and she answers
him in the same.*

Glen. Shee is desperate heere,
A peevish selfe will'd harlotry, one that no perswasion can doe
good upon.

The Lady speakes in Welsh.

Mor. I understand thy lookes, that prety *Welsh*,
Which thou powrest downe from these swelling Heavens,
I am too perfect in, and but for shame,
In such a parley I could answer thee.

The Lady againe in Welsh.

Mor. I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes *Welsh* as sweete as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers bower,
With ravishing division to her lute.

Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will shee runne mad.

The Lady speakes againe in Welsh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance it selfe in this.

Glen. Shee bids you on the wanton rushes lay you downe,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the god of sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleasing heavinesse
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heavenly harvest teeme
Begins his golden progresse in the East.

Mor. With all my heart I'll sit and heare her sing,
By that time will our Booke I thinke be drawne.

Glen. Do so: and those Musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here, sit and attend.

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Hot.